

HAYLEY'S

SUPPLEMENTAL POEMS.

1608/4353.

HAYLEY,

SUPPLEMENTAL POEMS.

P O E M S:

CONSISTING OF

ODES, SONNETS, SONGS,

A N D

OCCASIONAL VERSES.

By WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.

D U B L I N :

Printed for W. WILSON, No. 6, Dame-street.

M,DCC,LXXXVI.



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ADVERTISEMENT.

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O D E

T O

Mr. WRIGHT of DERBY.

O D E

TO

MR WRIGHT OF DERBY.

O D E
T O
Mr. WRIGHT of DERBY.

1783.

AWAY! ye sweet, but trivial Forms,
That from the placid pencil rise,
When playful art the landscape warms
With Italy's unclouded skies!
Stay, Vanity! nor yet demand
Thy portrait from the painter's hand!
Nor ask thou, Indolence, to aid thy dream,
The soft illusion of the mimic stream,
That twinkles to thy fight with Cynthia's trem-
bling beam!

Be thine, my friend, a nobler task !
 Beside thy vacant easel see
 Guests, who, with claims superior, ask
 New miracles of art from thee :
 Valour, who mocks unequal strife,
 And Clemency, whose smile is life !
 " WRIGHT ! let thy skill (this radiant pair ex-
 " claim)
 " Give to our view our favorite scene of Fame,
 " Where Britain's Genius blaz'd in Glory's
 " brightest flame."

Celestial ministers ! ye speak
 To no dull agent sloth-opprest,
 Who coldly hears, in spirit weak,
 Heroic Virtue's high behest :
 Behold ! tho' Envy strives to foil
 The Artist bent on public toil,
 Behold ! his flames terrific lustre shed ;
 His naval blaze mounts from its billowy bed ;
 And Calpe proudly rears her war-illumin'd head.

In gorgeous pomp for ever shine,
 Bright monument of Britain's force !
 Tho' doom'd to feel her fame decline
 In ill-starr'd war's o'erwhelming course,
 Tho' Europe's envious realms unite
 To crush her, in unequal fight,

Her

Her Genius, deeply stung with generous shame,
On this exulting rock, array'd in flame,
Equals her ancient feats, and vindicates her
name.

How fiercely British valour pours
The deluge of destroying fire,
Which o'er that watery Babel roars,
Bidding the baffled host retire,
And leave their fall'n, to yield their breath
In different pangs of double death !
Ye shall not perish : no ! ye hapless brave,
Reckless of peril, thro' the fiery wave
See ! British mercy steers, each prostrate foe to
save.

Ye gallant Chiefs, whose deeds proclaim
The genuine hero's feeling soul,
Elliot, and Curtis, with whose name
Honor enrich'd his radiant roll,
Blest is your fate ; nor blest alone,
That rescued foes your virtues own,
That Britain triumphs in your filial worth :
Blest in the period of your glory's birth,
When art can bid it live to decorate the earth !

Alas ! what deeds, where virtue reign'd,
Have in oblivious darkness died,

When

When Painting, by the Goths enchain'd,
 No life-securing tints supplied! —
 Of all thy powers, enchanting art!
 Thou deemest this the dearest part,
 To guard the rights of valour, and afford
 Surviving lustre to the hero's sword:
 For this, heroic Greece thy martial charms
 ador'd.

Rival of Greece, in arms, in arts,
 Tho' deem'd in her declining days,
 Britain yet boasts unnumber'd hearts,
 Who keenly pant for public praise;
 Her battles yet are firmly fought
 By Chiefs with Spartan courage fraught:
 Her Painters with Athenian zeal unite
 To trace the glories of the prosp'rous fight,
 And gild th' embattled scene with art's immortal light.

Tho' many a hand may well portray
 The rushing war's infuriate shock,
 Proud Calpe bids thee, WRIGHT! display
 The terrors of her blazing rock:
 The burning hulks of baffled Spain,
 From thee she claims, nor claims in vain,
 Thou mighty master of the mimic flame,
 Whose matchless pencil, with peculiar aim,
 Has form'd of lasting fire the basis of thy fame,
 Just

Just in thy praise, thy country's voice
 Loudly asserts thy signal power,
 In this reward may'st thou rejoice,
 In modest labour's silent hour,
 Far from those seats, where envious leagues
 And dark cabals, and base intrigues
 Exclude meek Merit from his proper home;
 Where Art, whom Royalty forbade to roam,
 Against thy talents clos'd her self-dishonor'd
 dome.

When partial pride, and mean neglect,
 The nerves of injur'd Genius gall,
 What kindly spells of keen effect
 His energy of heart recall?
 Perchance there is no spell so strong
 As Friendship's sympathetic song:
 By fancy link'd in a fraternal band,
 Artist and Bard in sweet alliance stand;
 They suffer equal wounds, and mutual aid de-
 mand.

Go, then, to slighted worth devote
 Thy willing verse, my fearless Muse!
 Haply thy free and friendly note
 Some joyous ardor may infuse
 In fibres, that severely smart
 From potent Envy's poison'd dart:

Thro'

From potent Envy's poisonous dart;
In fibres that severely tinge
Some joyous ardor may impart
Haply thy fire and friendly note
Thy willing words, my fearless Mate!
Go, then, to lighted worth devote

O D E

TO THE

COUNTESS DE GENLIS.

1784.

C

COUNTLESS DE GRADIS.

TO THE

O D E

1784.

James Oglethorpe
James Oglethorpe
James Oglethorpe

O D E
TO THE
COUNTESS DE GENLIS.

1784:

I.
NO more let English pride arraign
The Gallic Muse, as light and vain,
Whose trifling fingers can but weave
The flimsy novel, to deceive
Inaction's languid hour;
Where sentiment, from nothing spun,
Shines like a garden-cobweb in the sun,
Thrown in autumnal nights o'er many a wither'd
flower.

II.

Too often, in the giddy fit
Of wanton or satiric wit,
The rash and frolic sons of France
Have sketch'd the frivolous romance ;
While Reason stood aloof :
While Modesty the work disclaim'd ;
And griev'd Religion, with disdain inflam'd,
On the licentious page pronounc'd her just re-
proof.

III.

The Genius of the generous land
Survey'd the vain fantastic band,
And kindling with indignant pride,
Athirst for genuine glory, cried :
“ Too long have ye disgrac'd
“ The Gallic name !—ye sophists, hence !
“ A female hand shall expiate your offence,
“ The wrongs that you have done to Virtue,
Truth, and Taste.

IV.

“ Rise, my GENIUS ! those ills correct,
“ That spring from this pernicious sect :
“ To infancy's important years,
“ That season of parental fears,

“ Devote

“ Devote thy varied page !
 “ Mould and defend the youthful heart
 “ Against the subtle, soul-debasing art
 “ Of the sarcastic wit, and self-intitl'd sage !”

V.

Illumin'd with angelic zeal,
 And wishing Nature's general weal,
 The lovely moralist arose:
 The flame that from Religion flows
 Play'd round her pensive head :
 The tender Virtues smiling strove
 'T' enrich the variegated web she wove,
 Where Wisdom's temperate hand the flowers
 of Fancy spread.

VI.

The sisters of theatric power,
 Whose intermingled sun and shower
 Give to the stage, in friendly strife,
 Each touching charm of chequer'd life,
 Inspir'd the friend of youth :
 Arts yet unknown to her they taught,
 To fix and charm quick childhood's ramb-
 ling thought
 With unexampled scenes of tenderness and
 truth.

VII. Her

VII.

Her pathos is not proudly built
On splendid or impassion'd guilt;
The little incidents, that rise
As sportive youth's light season flies,
Her simple drama fill;
Yet he, the sweet Socratic sage*,
Who steep'd in tears the wide Athenian stage,
Fram'd not his moral scene with more pathetic
skill.

VIII.

In the rich novel's ampler field
Her genius rears a radiant shield,
With Fancy's blazonry impress;
Potent to save the youthful breast
From Passion's poison'd dart:
Like that which Homer's gods produce,
Its high-wrought beauties shine with double
use,
To charm the curious mind, and guard th' un-
wary heart.

IX.

Ye Fairies! 'twas your boast to bind
In sweet amaze the infant mind:
But scorning Fiction's faded flower,
Behold GENLIS in magic power

* Euripides.

Your forcery excels !
 She, first of childhood's pleasing friends !
 Arm'd with the force that liberal science lends,
 From art and nature frames her more attractive
 spells*.

X.

Lovely magician ! in return
 For the sweet tears of fond concern,
 With moral pleasure's tender thrill
 Awak'd by thy enchanting skill,
 Accept this votive rhyme !
 Spurn not a wreath of foreign hue,
 Tho' rudely twin'd of humble flowers, that
 grew
 In a sequester'd vale of Albion's wayward
 clime !

XI.

Think, if from Britain's churlish sky
 This verse to foreign genius fly,
 Think not our letter'd females raise
 No titles to melodious praise :—
 Keen Science cannot find
 One clime within the earth's wide zone,
 Whose daughters, Britain ! have surpass'd
 thy own
 In the career of art, the triumphs of the mind.

* Alluding to the Tale intitled, " La Fée de l'Art & de la Nature."

XII. This

XII.

This honest boast of English pride,
Which meaner merit might deride,
Will ne'er the just GENIUS beguile
Of one disdainful, envious smile;
For Envy ne'er conceal'd
From her clear fight a rival's claim;
Her voice has swell'd my fair compatriots
fame,
Pleas'd with their glorious march o'er Learning's
varied field!

XIII.

Doubly, GENIUS! may'st thou rejoice,
Whene'er impartial Glory's voice
Ranks with the happiest toils of men
The graceful works of woman's pen,
Tho' not of Gallic frame;
For O! beneath whatever skies
Records of female Genius may arise,
Those records must enfold thy fair and fav'rite
name.

XIV.

In every clime where Arts have smil'd,
Where'er the mother loves her child,
And pants, with anxious zeal possess'd,
To fortify the tender breast,

And

And the young mind enlarge,
From thy chaste page she'll learn the art,
Fondly to play the sage preceptor's part,
And draw her dearest joys from that important
charge.

XV.

Wherever youth, with curious view,
Instructive pleasure shall pursue,
Thy little lively student there,
With rapt Attention's keenest air,
Shall o'er thy volumes bend :
And while his tears their charm confess,
His grateful voice shall in their author bleſs
The spirit-kindling guide, the heart-enchanting
friend.

And the young mind change,
From thy chaste page shall learn the art,
Fondly to play the sage precursor's part,
And draw her dearest joys from that important
charge.

XV

Where'er youth with curious view
Intrusive pleasure shall pursue,
Thy little lively friend there, from view shall
With rapt Attention's keenest air,
Shall o'er thy volumes bend:
And while his tears their charm concede,
His grateful voice shall in their author plead
The spirit-kindling guide, the heart-enchancing
friend, the soul-awakening friend.

O D E

T O

RICHARD VERNON SADLEIR, Esq.

1777.

D 2

O D E

70

RICHARD VERNON SADLER, Esq.

1777

D 2

O D E

RICHARD VERNON SADLEIR, Esq.

1777.

BUSINESS, be gone! Thou vulture, Care,
No more the quivering sinews tear
Of Sadleir's mortal frame!
Full well his firm and active mind,
Has paid the duties that mankind
From sense and virtue claim.

Alas! too well—for mental toil
Our fine machinery will spoil,

As

As Nature has decreed :

She form'd the powers that raise the soul
Like wheels, that kindle as they roll,
And perish by their speed.

III.

Let health and vigour on the stage
Support the scene, while milder age
Relinquishes the bustling part :
If flowers the busy path adorn,
Ingratitude there plants her thorn,
Which pierces to the heart.

IV.

Oft hast thou seen her poison'd shoot,
Where Hope expected fairest fruit ;
Yet still thy bounty flows
Like constant dew that falls on earth,
Although it wakens into birth,
The nightshade with the rose.

V.

Thy warmth of heart O still retain !
Nor of Ingratitude complain,
Howe'er her wounds may burn !
Bliss from benevolence must flow ;
Angels are blest while they bestow,
Unconscious of return.

VI. And

VI.

And happiness we only find
In those exertions of the mind
That form the ardent friend:
In these it dwells, with these it flies,
As all the comet's splendor dies
Whene'er its motions end.

VII.

O let the lustre of thy soul
No more eccentrically roll
Thro' Labour's long career!
O haste, its dangerous course confine,
And let it permanently shine
In Pleasure's milder sphere!

VIII.

In Friendship's name thy voice invites
Our willing hearts to social rites,
Where Laughter is thy guest:
But, O! these eyes with anguish burn,
And fear their weaken'd orbs to turn
From Nature's verdant vest.

IX.

Thy invitation then forbear,
Tho' at thy board, in union rare,

Kind

Kind Plenty reigns with Wit :
 Thy roof is joyous, but I doubt
 That we should find the brilliant rout
 For burning eyes unfit.

X.

Thy noisy town and dusty street
 Do thou exchange for this retreat,
 Whose charms thy songs commend :
 On Learning's page forbid to look,
 We yet can read that dearer book—
 The visage of a friend.

VIII.

In friendship's name thy voice invites
 Our willing hearts to social rites,
 Where laughter is thy guest :
 But, O ! these eyes with anguish burn
 And fear their weaken'd orbs to turn
 From Nature's wondrous veil.

IX.

Thy invitation then forbear,
 'Tis at thy board, in union rare,

Kind

SONNETS,

SONNETS, SONGS,

AND

OCCASIONAL VERSES.

E

SONNETS SONGS

OCCASIONAL VERSES

[27]

S O N N E T

TO THE

E A R L O F H A R D W I C K E ,

With the Second Edition of the Epistles to
ROMNEY.

1779.

HARDWICKE! whose bright applause a poet
crown'd

Unknown to thee and to the Muse's quire,
Permit his hand with joyous pride to sound
A note of gratitude on Freedom's lyre;
And fear not Flattery's song from one plac'd
higher

Than she has power to raise her menial crew;
From one who, proud of independent fire,
Scorns the base Noble, but reveres the true.

The liberal spirit feels thy generous praise
Fall from pure Honour's sphere, like genial dew;
Blest if its vital influence shall raise
A future flower more worthy of thy view!
Blest if in these re-polish'd lays thou find
Some light reflected from thy letter'd mind!

[28]

S O N N E T

T O

EDWARD GIBBON, Esq.

On the Publication of his Second and Third
Volumes.

1781.

WITH proud delight th' imperial Founder
gaz'd

On the new beauty of his second Rome,
When on his eager eye rich temples blaz'd,
And his fair city rose in youthful bloom :
A pride more noble may thy heart assume,
O GIBBON ! gazing on thy growing work ;
In which, constructed for a happier doom,
No hasty marks of vain ambition lurk :
Thou may'st deride both Time's destructive
fway,
And baser Envy's beauty-mangling dirk ;
Thy gorgeous fabrick, plann'd with wise delay,
Shall baffle foes more savage than the Turk :
As ages multiply its fame shall rise,
And earth must perish ere its splendor dies.

SONNET

SONNET

S O N N E T
T O T H E S A M E.

Written in MADAME DE LAMBERT'S Essays
on Friendship and Old Age; in the Name of
the Lady who translated them.

HOW may I, GIBBON, to thy taste confide
This artless copy of a Gallic gem?

Wilt thou not cast th' unpolish'd work aside,
And with just scorn my failing line condemn?

No! thou wilt never, with pedantic phlegm,
Spurn the first produce of a female mind;
Young flowers! that, trembling on a tender stem,

Court thy protection from each ruder wind.
Tho' I may injure, by a coarser style,
The work that Lambert's graceful hand design'd,

I still, if favour'd by thy partial smile,
Shall boast like her of friendship's joys refin'd.
Nor fear from age her list of female woes,
If, as my years increase, thy friendship grows.

S O N N E T

T O

EDMUND ANTROBUS, Esq.

With the same Effays.

KIND Host! who bordering on the vale of
 years,
 Keep'st in thy generous heart a youthful
 glow,
 Whose liberal elegance of soul endears
 The joy thy bounty glories to bestow;
 Accept a volume, in whose pages flow
 The mild effusions of a female mind!
 First of the letter'd fair that France can
 shew,
 Of sprightly wit with moral truth combin'd!
 In the faint copy may thy candour see
 Some slight resemblance of her style refin'd;
 Whate'er the merits of the book, in thee
 May all the blessings of its theme be join'd!
 Thine be that joy which Friendship's bosom fills;
 And thine the peace of age, without its ills!

SONNET

S O N N E T

T O

DR. H A R I N G T O N,

On his adding Music to a Song of the Author's.

HARMONIOUS Friend ! to whom my
honour'd Muse

Is eager to declare how much she owes,
Accept, and with indulgent eye peruse
Her hasty verse, impatient to disclose
How from your aid her new attraction flows.

Cold as the figure of unfinish'd clay,
Which by Prometheus' plastic hand arose,
My lifeless song in half existence lay :

I could not add the spark of heav'nly flame :
To Harmony's high sphere I dar'd not stray
To steal from thence—but in this languid
frame

You pour, without a theft, the vital ray :
Your generous art the quick'ning spirit gives,
And by your tuneful fire the Ballad lives.

SONNET

S O N N E T

T O

WILLIAM MELMOTH, Esq.

MELMOTH! in talents and in virtues
blest!

Pleas'd I contemplate thy attractive page,
Where thy mild Pliny, and Rome's guardian Sage,

Of pure eloquence, thy powers attest,
And rare felicity:—near half an age

Our polish'd tongue has rank'd thee with the
best

Of England's classics; yet Detraction's rage
Has fail'd to point her arrows at thy breast:
Rich in those palms that Taste and Truth
bestow,

Who praise in Learning's field thy long career,
By what nice skill, that worth can seldom
shew,

Hast thou eluded Slander's envious sneer?
Blest who excel! but tenfold bliss they know,
Who in excelling live without a foe.

S O N N E T

T O

MRS. H A Y L E Y,

On her Voyage to America. 1784.

THOU vext Atlantic, who hast lately seen
 Britain's vain thunder on her offspring
 hurl'd,
 And the blind parent, in her frantic spleen,
 Pouring weak vengeance on a filial world!
 Thou, whose rough billows in loud fury
 curl'd,
 Have roar'd indignant under many a keel;
 And while Contention all her sails unfurl'd,
 Have groan'd the weight of ill-starr'd war to
 feel;
 Now let thy placid waters gaily bear
 A freight far differing from blood-thirsty steel;
 See HAYLEY now to cross thy flood pre-
 pare,
 A female merchant, fraught with friendly
 zeal!
 Give her kind gales, ye spirits of the air,
 Kind as her heart, and as her purpose fair!

F

SONNET

S O N N E T

T O

JOHN SARGENT, Esq.

On his Doubts of publishing his Drama, intitled,
 ' THE MINE.' 1784.

AWAY with diffidence and modest fear,
 Thou happy fav'rite of Castalia's quire!
 Withhold no longer from the public ear
 The rich delight thy varied lays inspire!
 Nor from the press with trembling awe re-
 tire!
 That dread essay is dangerous alone,
 When mimic dross adulterates the lyre:
 Thine is of purest gold—its perfect tone
 The fancy and the heart alike obey:
 Invention's self has made her MINE thy own;
 Give its new gems to blaze in open day,
 And seat that bounteous queen on Glory's
 throne.

A brother bard, if he may boast the name,
 Sounds with proud joy this prelude to thy fame.

SONNET

S O N N E T

T O

MR. WILLIAM LONG,

On his Recovery from a dangerous Illness.
1785.

BLEST be the day which bids my grief
subside,

Rais'd by the sickness of my distant friend !
Blest the dear lines, so long to Hope deny'd,
By Languor's aching fingers kindly penn'd !
How keen the fear to feel his letters end,
Whose wit was my delight, whose truth my
guide !

But how did joy that painful fear transcend,
When I again his well-known hand descried !

Such was the dread of new-created man,
When first he miss'd the setting orb of day ;
Such the delight that thro' his bosom ran,
When he perceiv'd the reascending ray.

Ah no ! his thoughts endur'd less anxious strife ;
Then, Friendship ! art the sun of mental life.

E P I T A P H

ON

WILLIAM BRYANT,

Aged 91, Parish Clerk of EARTHAM. 1779.

BY sportive youth and busy manhood blest,
 Here, thou meek father of our village, rest !
 If length of days, in toilsome duties spent,
 With chearful Honesty and mild Content ;
 If age, endur'd with firm and patient mind ;
 If life with willing piety resign'd ;
 If these are certain proofs of human worth,
 Which, dear to Heaven, demand the praise of
 earth ;
 E'en Pride shall venerate this humble sod,
 That holds a Christian worthy of his God.

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

YE cliffs ! I to your airy steep
Ascend with trembling hope and and fear,
To gaze on this extensive deep,
And watch if WILLIAM's sails appear.

II.

Long months elapse, while here I breathe
Vain Expectation's frequent prayer ;
Till bending o'er the waves beneath,
I drop the tear of dumb despair.

III.

But see a glistening sail in view !
Tumultuous hopes arise :
'Tis he !—I feel the vision true,
I trust my conscious eyes.

IV.

His promis'd signals from the mast
My timid doubts destroy :
What was your pain, ye terrors past,
To this ecstatic joy !

S O N G.

S O N G.

I.

FROM glaring shew, and giddy noise,
The pleasures of the vain,
Take me, ye soft, ye silent joys,
To your retreats again.

III.

Be mine, ye cool, ye peaceful groves,
Whose shades to love belong;
Where Echo, as she fondly roves,
Repeats my STELLA's song.

III.

Ah, STELLA! why should I depart
From solitude and thee,
When in that solitude thou art
A perfect world to me!

S O N G.

S O N G.

I. **T**IS Memory's aid my vows implore,
For she will smile when Fortune's coy;
And to the eye of love restore
The spirit of departed joy.

II.

O plunge me still, with magic art,
In soothing Fancy's soft abyfs;
And fill my fond, my faithful heart
With visions of thy purer blifs !

S O N G.

I.

STAY! O stay, thou lovely shade,
Brought by Sleep to Sorrow's aid :
Ah! the sweet illusion ends!
Light and Reason, cruel friends!
Bid me not, with frantic care,
Vainly worship fleeting air!

II. Night,

II.

Night, return on rapid wing!
Round my head thy poppies fling!
Hateful day! thy reign be brief!
Darkness is the friend of grief.
Couldst thou, Sleep! my dream restore,
I should wish to wake no more.

S O N G.

I.

ENJOY, my child, the balmy sleep,
Which o'er thy form new beauties throws;
And long thy tranquil spirit keep
A stranger to thy mother's woes!
Tho' in distress,
I feel it less,
While gazing on thy sweet repose.

II. Con-

II.

Condemn'd to pangs like inward fire,
 That thro' my injur'd bosom roll,
 How would my heart in death desire
 Relief from Fortune's hard controul,
 Did not thy arms
 And infant charms
 To earth enchain my anxious soul!

III.

Flow fast, my tears!—by you reliev'd,
 I vent my anguish thus unknown;
 But cease, ere ye can be perceiv'd
 By this dear child, to pity prone,
 Whose tender heart
 Would seize a part
 In grief, that should be all my own.

IV.

Our cup of woe, which angels fill,
 Perchance it is my lot to drain;
 While that of joy, unmix'd with ill,
 May thus, my child, for thee remain;
 If thou art free,
 (So Heaven decree!)
 I bless my doom of double pain.

A CARD OF INVITATION

TO

Mr. GIBBON, at BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

1781.

AN English Sparrow, pert and free,
 Who chirps beneath his native tree,
 Hearing the Roman Eagle's near,
 And feeling more respect than fear,
 Thus, with united love and awe,
 Invites him to his shed of straw.
 Tho' he is but a twittering Sparrow,
 The fields he hops in rather narrow,
 When nobler plumes attract his view
 He ever pays them homage due,
 And looks with reverential wonder
 On him whose talons bear the thunder;
 Nor could the Jack-daws e'er inveigle
 His voice to vilify the Eagle,
 Tho', issuing from those holy tow'rs
 In which they build their warmest bow'rs,
 Their

Their Sovereign's haunt they flily search,
 In hopes to find him on his perch
 (For PINDAR says, beside his God
 The thunder-bearing Bird will nod)
 Then, peeping round his still retreat,
 They pick from underneath his feet
 Some molted feather he lets fall,
 And swear he cannot fly at all.—
 Lord of the Sky! whose pounce can tear
 These croakers, that infest the air,
 Trust him, the Sparrow loves to sing
 The praise of thy imperial wing!
 He thinks thou'lt deem him, on his word,
 An honest, tho' familiar Bird;
 And hopes thou soon wilt condescend
 To look upon thy little friend;
 That he may boast around his grove
 A visit from the BIRD OF JOVE.

TO MR. M A S O N,

On his sending the Author his Translation of
DU-FRESNOY, with Notes by Sir JOSHUA
REYNOLDS. 1783.

DEAR Brother of the tuneful art,
To whom I justly bend,
I prize, with a fraternal heart,
The pleasing gift you send.

II.

With pride, by envy undebas'd,
My English spirit views
How far your elegance of taste
Improves a Gallie Muse.

III.

I thought that Muse but meanly drest
When her stiff gown was Latin;
But you have turn'd her grogram vest
Into fine folds of sattin.

IV.

Mild REYNOLDS looks with liberal favor
On your adopted girl;
And to the graceful robe you gave her,
Adds rich festoons of pearl.

IMPROMPTU

I M P R O M P T U

T O

MR. MEYER,

On his sending the Author, from the Continent,
two Prints, representing The Coronation of
VOLTAIRE, and ROUSSEAU'S Arrival in
Elysium. 1784.

V

I

THE Song that shakes the festive roof,
When mirth and music's liveliest notes ascend,
Is not more pleasing than the proof
Of kind remembrance from an absent friend.

II.

Then guess the pleasure that we share,
And thus, dear MEYER, accept the thanks
we owe ;
While we behold the crown'd VOLTAIRE,
And see Elysium hail our lov'd ROUSSEAU !

A RECEIPT

III. May

III.

May all the honour, all the joy,
Known by each genius in thy gift portray'd,
Be thine, without the dull alloy
That ting'd their golden days with dusky
shade!

IV.

As lively as the gay VOLTAIRE,
With his keen pen may thy fine pencil strive;
May'st thou as long delight the fair,
And triumph like the Bard, at EIGHTY-FIVE.

V.

As tender as the warm ROUSSEAU,
Like him thy happier thought on nature fix!
But 'midst thy prospering children know
A true Elysium--on this side the Styx!

A RECEIPT

A R E C E I P T

To make a TRAGEDY.

TAKE a virgin from Asia, from Africa, or
Greece,

At least a king's daughter, or emperor's niece :

Take an elderly mis for her kind confidante,

Still ready with pity or terror to pant,

While she faints and revives like the sensitive
plant :

Take a hero thought buried some ten years or
more,

But with life enough left him to rattle and roar ;

Take a horrid old brute who deserves to be
rack'd,

And call him a tyrant ten times in each act :

Take a priest of cold blood, and a warrior of hot,

And let them alternately bluster and plot :

Then throw in of soldiers and slaves *quantum suff.*

Let them march, and stand still, fight, and halloo
enough.

Now

Now stir all together these separate parts,
And season them well with Ohs! faintings, and
starts :

Squeeze in, while they're stirring, a potent in-
fusion
Of rage, and of horror, of love and illusion ;
With madness and murder complete the con-
clusion.

Let your princess, tho' dead by the murderous
dagger,

In a wanton bold epilogue ogle and swagger :

Prove her past scenes of virtue are vapour and
smoke,

And the stage's morality merely a joke ;

Let her tell with what follies our country is curst,
And wisely conclude that play-writing's the
worst.

Now serve to the public this olio complete,

And puff in the papers your delicate treat.

TO
MRS S E W A R D,

On her being at EARTHAM, in the variable
Weather, August, 1782.

I.
“WHENCE are these storms?”—an angry
Poet cry’d,

Who saw his shady summer haunts defac’d;
Saw o’er his shatter’d grove black whirlwinds ride,
And loud lamented this untimely waste.

II.
He spoke, and Æolus uprear’d his head:
Half his huge form, round which dark clouds
were driv’n,
Rising from Ocean’s broad and billowy bed,
Fill’d up the vast expanse from earth to heav’n.

III.
As his fierce eye survey’d the rough profound,
From the stern god the voice of anger broke;
Air, earth, and sea, reverberate the sound;
And shrinking Nature shudder’d as he spoke:

H

IV. “Know,

IV.

" Know, thou vain Bard, within thy mansion
dwells

" The wond'rous source of all this wild uproar ;

" Thence round my cave the din of discord swells,

" And I my rebel offspring rule no more.

V.

" To own my laws my mad'ning sons refuse,

" All, all are deaf to my paternal pow'r ;

" Struggling alike to kiss that vagrant Muse,

" Who deigns to visit thy sequester'd bow'r.

VI.

" Rough Boreas, us'd in these still months to
sleep,

" Starts from his cell, in passion's wild alarms ;

" While dripping Auster rushes from the deep,

" To snatch the Fair-one from his brother's
arms.

VII.

" Each other's fond ambition to destroy,

" Alike they struggle, merciless as death ;

" See my young Zephyr, Nature's tender joy,

" Encounters Eurus with contentious breath.

VIII. " Cease,

VIII.

" Cease, my rash sons, this cruel war to wage,
 " Tho' tempting beauty gave your conflict birth,
 " Left Famine, waken'd by your frantic rage,
 " Stalk in fell triumph o'er the blasted earth.

IX.

" See shiv'ring mortals mourn th' inverted year,
 " While Ceres weeps her golden pride deprest :
 " If ye no longer Nature's law revere,
 " Yet mildly listen to your fire's request :—

X.

" Let each in order taste the tempting bliss,
 " For which these mutual wounds ye vainly bear;
 " Each unmolested take one precious kiss,
 " And freely clasp this phrenzy-kindling Fair."

XI.

He paus'd ;—black Boreas, eldest of his race,
 Whose stormy passion the chill Maiden shocks,
 Binds her reluctant in his strong embrace,
 And sports licentious in her auburn locks.

XII.

Eurus succeeds, of less disgusting mien,
 Yet mad the trembling Fair-one to assail ;
 Beneath his pressure, more intensely keen,
 The wounded ruby of her lip grows pale.

XIII.

Now, with mild charms, and soft temptuous love,
 By melting Auster see the Nymph carest;
 He, with the softness of the murmuring dove,
 Waves his moist pinions o'er her softer breast.

XIV.

Now, lively Zephyr, the sweet Muse is thine,
 O long embrace her in our laughing Dances!
 And round her bid this joyous landscape shine,
 Rich as her verse, and radiant as her eyes!

XV.

Let each in order take the tempting bliss,
 For which their mutual wounds ye vainly bear;
 Each unresisted take one precious kiss,
 And freely clasp this phreasy-kindling Fair.

XVI.

He pants!—black horrors, eldest of his race,
 Whole stormy pallion the still maiden shocks;
 Finds her reluctant in his strong embrace,
 And sports licentious in her robust locks.

XVII.

Thus succeds, or less disgusting mien,
 Yet mad the trembling Fair-ones to still;
 Beneath his pressure, more intensely keen,
 The wounded ruby of her lip grows pale.

C O N T E N T.

Written at the request of a Lady, for the Vase at
BATHEASTON, 1781.

"HOW idle are mortals!" (said Wisdom to
Youth)

"They slight the clear dictates of Reason and
Truth;

"They worship Ambition, to Pleasure they bend,
" Yet blindly o'erlook a more excellent friend:

"And hence their vain hopes are eternally crost,

"Their life in a tempest of wishes is lost;

"Still destin'd to toil, and of toil to repent,

"For neglect of just vows to the Goddess Content;

"That Goddess from whom all felicity flows,

"Who unites every good in the gift she bestows;

"So free of her bounty to all who confess it,

"To solicit her smile is almost to possess it."

When I heard this fine speech, my fond passion
was rais'd,

And I set forth in quest of the Being so prais'd;

At the mansion of Grandeur my search I begin,

And ask if the Goddess Content is within:

But Pride, who as centinel guarded the door,

Said bluntly he ne'er heard her title before;

He

He told me I wanted a poor rustic flut,
 And bade me go look in some little thatch'd hut.
 I march'd to the Villager's lowly abode,
 'Twas a snug pretty cottage, and stood near the
 road.

And here a good woman, possessing, tho' humble,
 A face that could frown, and a tongue that would
 grumble;

Said—the person I ask'd for had lodg'd in her cot,
 But, alas! such good luck was no longer her lot;
 For she quitted her roof, where she oft had repos'd,

When yon great house was built, and the common
 inclos'd,

I conceiv'd, as I now bade the village farewell,
 With the mild sons of Science this Goddess must
 dwell;

But those, where I sought some obliging instructor,
 Were squabbling about an electric conductor.

Some cry'd up the point; some commended the
 ball;

The soft breath of Science was turn'd to a squall:

The Sages no mental conductor could find

To draw off the flame that now flash'd on their
 minds;

In haste I exclaim'd, to the Learned adieu!

For even Science offends, when she talks like a
 shrew.

Having

Having wander'd so wide of the object I sought,
 I was now led to think, and rejoic'd at the thought;
 This Goddess (herself for her charms so renown'd)
 With the daughters of Beauty must surely be found
 With this hope I approach'd (unperceiv'd by them
 all)

Three lovely young girls just array'd for the ball;
 In each, whose bright eyes on a mirror were bent,
 I thought I discover'd a spark of Content;
 But watching them more, in their beautiful faces,
 Of the goddess I sought I no more saw the traces;
 For as they survey'd, with a critical glance,
 The elegant MONTAGU move in the dance,
 In her exquisite figure such graces were shewn,
 That viewing her charms they distrusted their own.
 Thou gentlest of nymphs! while thy triumphs
 increase,
 Unconscious of beauty, so fatal to peace!
 Tho' the sparks of Content in one sex thou may'st
 smother,
 Bright Ecstasy's flame thou wilt raise in the other.
 If in bosom parental Content could reside,
 The heart of thy parent this treasure must hide;
 But, alas! 'tis a truth which all parents lament,
 Their tender anxiety stifles Content.

O tell me, while vainly to find thee I pant,
 Dear latent Divinity! where is thy haunt?

“ Away



"Away to Bathcaston," Good-nature replies,
 "Behold she there weaves the poetical prize."
 With thy Myrtle, kind MILLER! O let me be
 crown'd,
 Then my search is repaid, and the Goddess is
 found :

Nay, if to another your wreath you assign,
 And give it to verse far superior to mine,
 My search's dear object I still must attain,
 And the proof of this wonder's exceedingly plain,
 It rests on this maxim, by Horace invented,
 The Bard who writes worst is the Bard most con-
 tented.

My claim to this blessing thus made very clear,
 If I've nothing to hope, I have nothing to fear;
 For MILLER can please while the mind she amuses,
 Both when she bestows, and e'en when she refuses;
 In truth I suspect, from her singular aim,
 The Goddess I seek is conceal'd by her name:
 She herself is Content, and her house is the fane,
 Where Spleen and Ill-nature no favours obtain;
 Some mortals in vain for admission must pray,
 But all who once enter go smiling away.

E N D.



